

SAW MARY SULLIVAN MURDERED HE SAYS.

Joseph Murtagh Drugged
and Helpless, Forced to
See the Girl Die.

His Circumstantial Story of a
Young Woman Struck Down
With an Iron Bar.

A Fierce Looking Man in a Gray
Ulster and How He Doctored
Murtagh's Beer.

PROSECUTOR GOURLEY DOUBTS.

Corroborated in Part, the Strange Account
Lacks Verification in Important
Particulars—Murtagh's Hab-
its and History.

One witness, Joseph Murtagh, has been
kept purposely in the background by the
Paterson Bureau of Prosecution that has
been searching into the Mary Sullivan murder
mystery.

Murtagh's family have for years been
well known in Paterson, although the man
who avers that he witnessed the murder is
at present a resident of this city. He had
not visited his parents in over a year, but
he returned to Paterson on the night of
March 4, in time to witness the killing of
Mamie Sullivan. Not only that, but he
claims to have accompanied the murderer
all the way from Yonkers, N. Y.

The story told by Murtagh and now pub-
lished for the first time is to the effect
that, on March 3 last, he left his home in
this city and started for Yonkers. At one
time during his career, he had been em-
ployed in that city and while there became
engaged to a young woman who is at present
employed in Smith's carpet works. The day
set for the wedding was had actually ar-
rived, the banns had been published in
the Catholic church, but at the last mo-
ment the marriage was declared off for the
time being, on account of anonymous let-
ters received by the priest, who desired
time to investigate.

QUARRELED WITH HIS SWEETHEART.
Up to that time Murtagh had been a man
of temperate habits. Then, however, his
whole nature seemed to change. He began
to drink, and finally, after a quarrel with
the woman, he left her and came to New
York. A few months afterward, she was
engaged to marry another.

When Murtagh started for Yonkers on the
day before Mamie Sullivan was murdered,
at Paterson, N. J., he was considerably
under the influence of liquor. He had some-
thing less than ten dollars with him, and
this he started in to spend with a number
of friends. Wednesday morning saw him
penniless, and he managed to borrow
enough to purchase liquor, and at 6 o'clock
in the evening he waited for the whistle
of Smith's carpet works, where he hoped
to see the woman whom he had at one time
hoped to make his wife, while on her way
home from work.

Up to that time every detail of Murtagh's
story has been fully verified. It was the
after part of it which made Prosecutor
Gourley pause, before allowing the man to
go before the coroner's jury.

BORROWED OF THE GIRL.
Murtagh said that after meeting the
woman referred to, he made a second ap-
pointment for half an hour or so later,
and at which time she promised to let him
have a dollar in order to enable him to
reach the home of his parents at Paterson,
N. J. He told the Prosecutor that he had
kept his appointment, procured the dollar,
and having left her visited a saloon nearly
three quarters of a mile away, where he
had several drinks.

"The night was cold," Murtagh said,
"and I stopped in the saloon for the pur-
pose of getting warmed up. While there
I was struck by the savage appearance of
one man, who glared at me in a most fer-
ocious manner as I entered. He wore a long
gray ulster and cap with the peak drawn
down over his eyes."

"I think I had three drinks in the saloon,
and then, hearing of the noise of an ap-
proaching train, I ran out to catch it. As I did
so the fierce-looking man who had been stand-
ing apart from the others ran after me, and
we both managed to board the same train.
We did not speak on the journey."

DRUGGED BY A STRANGER.
"When the train reached the One Hun-
dred and Fifty-fifth street station of the
Manhattan Elevated Railroad I got off to
have another drink. I remember being fol-
lowed by another man—not the one who
came down with me from Yonkers, but
apparently a partner of his. I went into a
saloon near the station and had two or
three drinks, and wanted the man to join
me. I am positive that this man drugged
the beer which I drank, as a few minutes
later I was absolutely unconscious of
everything going on around me. I do not
remember how I came downtown, and have
only a dim recollection of having spent
my last half dollar in buying a ticket to
Paterson. Once on the journey to Paterson
I remember waking up and seeing
what I believed was the same man who had
followed me out of the saloon at Yonkers.
I spoke to him, but he would not answer
me."

"On reaching Paterson, I remember being
just about able to get off the train, and
was turning off in the direction of my
father's house, when the man I have
spoken about laid his hand on my shoul-
der, saying, 'Come along with me.' I had
neither the inclination nor the will to re-
sist, and he hurried me along toward Park
avenue and up to Eighteenth street. There
he stopped and leaned me against a tree."

THE MURDER.
Murtagh then gave a graphic description
of the murder. He said he had only been
standing there a few minutes when a
young woman came along. He saw the tall
man with the gray ulster and cap stop her,
and they conversed as if they were old ac-
quaintances. Then, he said, the man drew
the woman into the vacant lot. Murtagh
heard a few more words spoken, when sud-
denly the man took a short, heavy bar
of iron from his pocket and struck the woman
several blows on the head.

"I ran away as fast as I could after that," Murtagh said. "I am not know-
ing, except that, some time after 11
o'clock I arrived at my father's home in a
dazed condition."

According to his story, the man who
claimed to have seen the murder remained
at his father's home, in bed most of the
time, until the Saturday following, when
after reading all the stories published
about the murder, he became convinced
that he had seen it. Accordingly, he con-
cluded to surrender himself to the police,



Lulu Blazure, Who Was Supposed to Be Suffering from Hydro-
phobia.

She has been raving in delirium for several days, snapping and biting
at the bed clothing. The malady turned yesterday, and she cries for her
cousin, Arthur Hand, who was her boy sweetheart. Some time ago they
had a lovers' quarrel and parted, and her sickness followed immediately
after. Her friends now believe she is only afflicted with lovesickness.

but decided to first see the Rev. Dean Mc-
Nulty. The latter questioned him closely,
then brought him to the office of Prosecu-
tor Gourley. The story was repeated there
and soon after the work of investigating
began.

CONFIRMATION IN PART.
All the first part of Murtagh's story, as
to his visit to Yonkers and what he did
there, has been freely corroborated. In
order that he should reach Paterson in
time to witness the murder the man should
have left Yonkers at 6:30 o'clock, which
would enable him to catch the 8:00 o'clock
train from Chambers street. There was
the barest hint of possibility that Murtagh
by catching the 7 o'clock train from
Yonkers would have been in time for the
train which arrived in Paterson at 9:21,
which was just nine minutes before the
murder.

Step by step Murtagh's movements in
Yonkers have been followed. He has gone
over the ground with a detective who
timed him. It was proved that he was in
the house of a friend on Palisade avenue,
Yonkers, at exactly 6:30 o'clock, and that
he then left to keep an appointment with
his former sweetheart, nearly three-quarters
of a mile away. The time fixed for the
appointment was 7 o'clock. He says he
met her some time before that hour, and
then he walked with her to the house of
a dressmaker, near South Broadway and
First street, where he saw her. She said,
at least 6:45 o'clock. In the saloon
where Murtagh claims to have seen the
man in the gray ulster, neither the proprie-
tor nor the bartender have any recollection
of either. Neither is Murtagh known in
the saloon at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth
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BOOTH-TUCKER SAILS.
Wife of the Salvation Commissioner Also
on the Ocean—Expected
Saturday.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who has
been assigned to control the destinies of
the Salvation Army in America, sailed
from Liverpool yesterday on the Majestic.
Mrs. Booth-Tucker sailed Saturday on the
American liner St. Paul and is due here the
last of the week. They were both on
board the ship Saturday when word was
received that their youngest child was con-
fined. The ship sailed before they could
get off. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was herself
quite ill and could not climb down the rope
ladder to the pilot boat, so she continued
on while her husband returned. A cable
to the National Headquarters yesterday an-
nounced that the child was better and that
Commissioner Tucker would be on his way
here by the time the cable was received.
Mrs. Booth-Tucker is expected Saturday
morning and will be met by a number of
officers from National Headquarters as
well as many personal friends.

Colonel William Eadie, who has been or-
dered back to England, said yesterday that
he would sail as soon as the new Com-
mander mastered the details of the work
here, which would probably be within two
weeks. The Colonel yesterday issued his
farewell address to his American comrades.
It was announced that Staff Captain
Blanche Cox, stationed at Washington, D.
C., who has succeeded from the army to join
the Volunteers, had returned and was re-
stored to her command.

Commander Ballington Booth received a
dispatch from Miss Frances Willard of
Chicago, yesterday, complaining that the
members of the Volunteers in the Windy City
were not wearing the insignia of the
Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
She wished to know whether this
was authorized by Commander Booth.
The latter answered that he would
order the Volunteers to discontinue the
wearing of white ribbons. Mrs.
Ballington Booth started yesterday for
Pittsburg, where she will conduct a meet-
ing this evening.

Commissioner Carleton returned yesterday
from Chicago and reported that the Salva-
tion Army there was doing equally good
work as they had done prior to the recent
troubles. Commissioner Eva Booth, who
had been West for a week, returned
last night with encouraging reports of the
work in Chicago and other Western cities.

Protest Against Prison Labor.
It was announced yesterday that the
miscellaneous section of the Central Labor
Union passed at its last meeting strong
resolutions denouncing the attempt to con-
stitute prison labor. The resolutions declare
that this attempt to restore prison labor
to competition with the work of honest
men is in the interests of a prison con-
tract ring and would be a perversion of
the State Constitution.

NOT HYDROPHOBIA, BUT LOVE SICKNESS?

Friends of Pretty Lulu Blazure
Now Think That Is Her
Real Malady.

Her Ravings Have Almost Ceased,
and She Cries for Her
Cousin, Arthur Hand.

HE WAS HER BOY SWEETHEART.

It Was Soon After They Had a Lover's
Quarrel, Not Long Ago, and
Parted, That Her Strange
Delirium Began.

The friends of pretty Lulu Blazure, the
daughter of Mrs. George Terry, of Lyons,
N. J., are beginning to doubt that the girl
has hydrophobia. For nearly two weeks
she has been raving. Sometimes she
barks and growls like a dog; then her
frenzy takes a new turn and she sings
joyful little songs and hymns.

Yesterday she cried more than ever for
her cousin Arthur. This youth was recog-
nized as her boy sweetheart, and folks
seem to think that love more than a dog's
bite has something to do with her strange
malady. No doctor has diagnosed the case
as hydrophobia. Dr. F. C. Jones, who was
to call at the house Tuesday night, failed
to appear, and the girl has been without
medical attendance since Monday. A rep-
resentative of the Pasteur Institute called
yesterday. He refused to talk about the
case and said Dr. Jones would be advised
how to treat the girl.

Arthur Hand lives at Millington, about
two miles away from the girl's home.
When she worked at Peapack he used to
call upon her and take her to church and
village sojourns.

Three weeks ago they quarrelled and
parted. Then for a day or two before
March 13 Arthur had promised to
meet the girl at the Millington Church. He
disappointed her and she returned to Pea-
pack sadder than ever.

She received a letter from Arthur on
March 13. What it contained nobody
knows, but the girl collapsed, and by the
night of March 13 she was raving in de-
lirium. She moans pitifully about Arthur
and says: "Why did he write that letter?"

The boy has been sent for by the girl's
parents, but has failed to respond to the
call. Tuesday night she was exclaiming:
"Arthur, give me your hand! Please let me
hold your hand!"

Then she would begin to sing. All day
yesterday she sang love songs, and often
would chant "Jesus Lover of My Soul."
That is the hymn they sang at the church
when she went to meet Arthur.
The barking and snarling are the only
signs of the rabies. But these are growing
less frequent. Yesterday morning she ate
heartily of bread and drank a large bowl of
milk. She also drank water freely, and the
liquid had no effect upon her. During the
day she had lucid intervals.

At the Pasteur Institute last night the
doctor in charge did not know of any
representative of the institute going to
Lyons.

AN ICY BATH FOR TWO.
The Montgomery Brothers Went Off a Pier
with Their Cart and Horse—The
Animal Was Drowned.

A horse and driving cart, together with
two young men who were sitting in the
vehicle, were precipitated into the North
River from the dock at the foot of Fortieth
street, yesterday.

William M. Montgomery is an ice dealer,
doing business at the foot of Fortieth
street. He has two sons—John, twenty
years of age, and Fred, twenty-one. John,
to say the least, is a healthy fellow. He is
about 5 feet 11 inches in height and tips
the beam at 180 pounds. His brother Fred
is likewise tall, but weighs only 125 pounds,
and is slender and of delicate health.

Both young men are employed by their
father in his ice business. Yesterday morn-
ing John drove his father's horse, hitched
to a two-wheeled cart, to the foot of For-
tieth street, with the intention of taking
his brother to lunch.

Upon John's arrival at the dock Fred
climbed into the seat beside him and John
chirruped to the horse. The animal was in
no mood to start, and the heavy-weight
driver began playing the whip. This caused
the horse to back up briskly and before the
young men had time to alight the whole
turnout went over the end of the dock into
the river. The tide was low and the dis-
tance between the top of the wharf and the
water was fully eight feet.

In the descent both men were unseated
and hurled into the water. They set up
cries for help. John could swim a little
and managed to get hold of a spile, to
which he hung until rescued. Charles W.
Ray, employed on an ice barge which was
moored to the pier, managed to throw a
line to Fred, who grasped it and was
hauled out.

The cart was sufficiently buoyant to act
upon the same principle that a life-pre-



Katie Loser, the Little Girl Who Was Tired of Home.

She wrote to the Gerry Society that she would rather be sent to an
orphan asylum than stay at home because her mother and sister were
"mean" to her and beat her. An investigation showed that, though Mrs.
Loser was in moderate circumstances, Katie had all the comforts and the
usual indulgences of little girls.

server would when tied to a drowning
man's feet, and the horse was drowned.
The cart was rescued.

Fred had to take to his bed as a result of
the shock and wetting, but his brother is
around as usual, seemingly none the worse
for his adventure.

PUPILS PLAY FOR CHARITY.
Lyceum Students, Assisted by Wheatcroft,
In Three Original Dramas.

A special matinee for the benefit of the
Metropolitan School of Fine Arts was given
at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday after-
noon. The programme consisted of "The
Facts in the Case," a one act farce by Julie
M. Lippman; "The Mayor's Appointment,"
a one act drama adapted from Julia Shar-
er's story, by Nelson Wheatcroft and
George Backus, and "The Flying Wedge,"
a farce by Grace Livingston Furness.

Between plays David Mannie played a
violin solo, and Sylvia Rottler rendered
the romance from "Cavalleria Rusticana."
Interest centred particularly in the
second play, in which Mr. Wheatcroft im-
personated Major Huntley. His appearance
in the same play with several of his pupils
was made the occasion for long and en-
thusiastic applause.

The pupils acquitted themselves particu-
larly well, the best work being done by
Lucile Mum, Margaret Morrow, David
Valencourt, Henry Harrison, Charles G.
Stevens, Elizabeth French and Louise
York.

BRENNAN WANTED A FIRE.
As the Stove Would Not Burn He Started
One on the Floor.

Far Rockaway, L. I., March 25.—Martin
Brennan, aged fifty years, of Brooklyn,
went into the village hall last night to
sleep. He got cold during the night and
broke up a table in the court room to make
a fire. He could not make it burn in the
stove, so he built a fire on the floor. The
fire was discovered at once by Janitor
Homer Jackson, who put it out. A few
minutes more and the whole building would
have been in a blaze.

Brennan escaped at the time, but was
captured to-day by Officer Ferber, and
looked up. A large hole was burned in the
floor.

DR. DEPEW MAKES A SLIP.

But Corrects Himself and Says Morton
Will Be Nominated.

El Paso, Tex., March 25.—Chauncey M.
Depew, Cornellius Vanderbilt and party
passed this station westward bound at 9
o'clock last night, on a special train, in
charge of General Manager Kruttschnitt, of
the Southern Pacific road.

To the question, "Who will be nominated
at St. Louis?" Mr. Depew gave a hearty
laugh and said: "Oh, we can't tell any-
thing about that," but immediately cor-
rected himself, said: "Governor Morton, of
New York, will be the nominee."



HORSE TREATING TWO BROTHERS TO A COLD BATH.

It occurred yesterday at the foot of Fortieth street, North River, and the animal paid for the prank
with its life. One brother drove on to the dock to pick up the other and take him to lunch, but the horse, hav-
ing a will of its own, backed over the stringpiece into the water. Both men were saved, although one of them
is not a swimmer.

TIRED OF HOME AT TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Katie Loser Asked the Gerry
Society to Put Her in an
Orphan Asylum.

Weary of a Comfortable Home and
Playmates, She Wrote of Child-
ish Grievances.

SAID HER MOTHER WAS "MEAN."

Listened Indifferently to a Lecture by
Magistrate Deuel, but Afterward at
Home Concluded That She Would
Rather Stay There.

Katie Loser, a pretty girl twelve years
old, with a good home and a mother, is
trying her best to get into an orphan asy-
lum. She has good clothes to wear, plenty
of young playmates, and is sent every day
to an excellent school, but she says she
would much prefer to be in some institu-
tion.

The child was sent to the grocery store
for sugar by her mother on Tuesday
morning. On the way she stopped in at
the candy store and borrowed a sheet of
note-paper, on which she wrote to the
Gerry society the following letter:

New York, March 22, 1896.
Dear Sir—I am 12 years old and my name is
Katie Loser. I live with my mother at No. 342
East Fifty-fourth street, New York. I have no
father. He is dead, going on four years. I have
a mother, sister and brother at home, but I am
very sorry to say that I have no one to love or
care for me. My mother treats me very mean,
and my sister beats me nearly every morning
before she goes to work. My mother hardly
ever brings me anything. Whenever sister or
brother ask for anything they get it. I have
a married sister living in the same
house, and she also treats me mean.
I would like to be taken to a Catholic asylum,
if you could possibly do so. I am a Catholic
child and go to church every Sunday.
Please excuse my writing, because I had to do
it so my mother would not see me. Yours,
Katie Loser.

Agent Agnew found Katie Loser and her
mother in the upper flat of No. 342, which
was very neat and clean, considering that
Mrs. Loser is a widow, and compelled to
go out mornings and scrub to support her
family. It was manifest to him that the
home was a good one for any girl.
"Did you write that letter?" asked
Agnew.

GLAD SHE WROTE.
"Yes, and I'm glad I did," said Katie,
stoutly.

"Do you really want to go to an
asylum?"
"Yes, I do," the child announced.

At this the mother began to cry. She
hardly knew what it all meant.

"Why, Katie! What can you mean?" said
Mrs. Loser. "Why do you want to go
away?"

Then Agnew read the letter. The mother
was astonished, pained and surprised all
at once.
"That's every word true," the girl said.
"Have I ever been mean to you?" asked
Mrs. Loser. "Have I ever punished you,
when you didn't deserve it? I have been
working my fingers off, almost, to buy
you clothes and things. Only yesterday I
told you I would get you a nice new dress
and hat for confirmation if you would be
a good girl."

"Well, but my sister slaps me," put in
Katie.

"Only when she ought to," the mother
said. "She has to go to work in the box
factory at 7 o'clock, and yet she helps me
with my scrubbing in the morning, and
builds the fire. All you have to do is to
get the groceries. You go out and stay
my morning until after 7 o'clock, and
then your sister has to go to her work
without her breakfast and carrying her cold
lunch."

TAKEN TO COURT.

Katie was not convinced by all this, so
Agent Agnew took the little girl before
Magistrate Deuel. The mother went along.
Mrs. Loser heard the stories told by the
child, by the mother and the agent. She
then looked kindly down at Katie and said:

"My little girl, you don't know what you
are asking. All the children in the orphan
asylums are trying to get out and you are
trying to break in. Many a little girl
would be glad to have the mother and the
home that you have. You don't know how
lonesome you would be in an asylum. You
would get up by the bell, play by the bell,
work by the bell and go to bed by the bell.
You would wear the same clothes, have the
same toys and get the same things to eat
that all the other poor little girls had to
put up with. You wouldn't like it a bit. I
advise you to go right home with your
mother and be a good girl."

Katie received this lecture with indiffer-
ence.

The married sister at her home said:
"Katie looks like me, and I have always
been very proud of her. I have slapped her
when she was naughty, but I got slappings
myself when I was little and they didn't
hurt me a bit."

Katie came home from the Cathedral
school late in the afternoon, and her mood
had changed. When her sister told her a
man had been sent to take her to the
asylum she broke down completely.

"I guess I guess—I don't want to go,"
Katie said. That is all she said. She is
not much of a talker. When informed she
was not compelled to go, though, she
seemed greatly relieved.

EUROPE QUICK TO ADOPT IT.

Success of the Marine Telephone Arouses
Great Interest Abroad.

Washington, March 25.—The success of
experiments conducted by the Lighthouse
Board for establishing telephonic commu-
nication between lightships and the shore
has attracted the attention of European
Governments, which had failed to solve the
problem after years of trial, but which
now propose to take prompt advantage of
the achievements of American ingenuity.
The Treasury Department, upon applica-
tion, has already furnished copies of the re-
port to several foreign Ministers in Wash-
ington and the system perfected at Sandy
Hook will soon be in operation abroad,
while through lack of funds and the failure
of Congress to make appropriations for the
purpose the United States service is pre-
vented from enjoying the benefits of its own
enterprise.

The People's Common Sense
Medical Adviser, in plain En-
glish, or Medicine Simplified by
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ing Physician to the Invalids Ho-
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